Clementines, Mandarins, and Other Orange Cravings: The Dictionary

Volume 1 and only

Written by No One You Need to Know

timbre (tam • bur), *n*. "…the perceived sound quality of a musical note, sound or tone…" ("Timbre" 1), commonly used as a distinguisher between different instruments (vocal or otherwise) playing the same note, a way to take note of the differences in the origins of where two sounds come from within their shared pitch. Often a deciding factor in a 6th grader's decision of which instrument they're willing to confine themselves to for an entire semester of band class. [French.]

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white noise (wuh • i • tu noi • z), *n*. a noise color designed to invoke a sound based on the social, literary, and historical connotations of the color white. See also: **noise color**.

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noise color (noi • z ca • lor) *n*. a sound cultivated with focus on different auditory frequencies from other noise colors, imbuing them "…energy in different parts of the sound spectrum," (Stacey 1) that gives them "…a quality that's boring to the brain and makes other sounds less perceptible."; Often used for "…drown[ing] out unexpected or disruptive sounds that would distract you or compromise your attention." (Stacey 1). See also: **white noise**, **pink noise**, **red noise**, **green noise**, **blue noise**, or **gray noise** for more. Do not see: **orange noise**.

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pink noise (p • ing • ca noi • z), *n.* a noise color designed to invoke a sound based on the social, literary, and historical connotations of the color pink. See also: **noise color**.

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red noise (reh • d • ca noi • z), *n*. a noise color designed to invoke a sound based on the social, literary, and historical connotations of the color red. See also: **noise color**.

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orange noise (noi • z) *n*. a noise color designed to invoke a sound based on the social, literary, and historical connotations of the color orange, despite being unable to truly do so in the same manner a musical note's timbre is incapable of capturing the "warmth" or "brightness" found in the color orange. See also: **noise color** and **orange noises**. Do not see: **orange**.

I want to share an orange with you. Split it down the middle, pull it apart piece by piece. Let the scent surround us, the color filling the room with a sense if *bright*. To say this is to say that *I want to share with you.* Every movement, every breath, I want to be intertwined with your very being. But that's so much, isn't it? I can't say I would fall down dead for you, bruise my knees praying to you for reasons wretched and divine? To be so obscene, would be such a nightmare. But it would all be true. I can't say it, I am still bound, so instead, I hand you orange and say "Would you like to share?"

[Image of some of the many shades orange noise could have theoretically represented. Beneath it, an image of a poem representing the shade of orange that stains your teeth as you smile within lines 1-3 of stanza 1 of itself]

orange noises (s • kwi • sh, spl • at, p • ah • p, sk • er • i • cha) *n*. The crunch of the twist of an orange stem straight from the tree curling into your front porch, followed by the twist and pop of the root from its fortress of puffed-up orange skin coagulating at the top, much like a tumor. The patter of blemishes and pores rolling down the curve of the kitchen fruit bowl. The peel of the skin. The snip of the leftover strands. The thump of mandarins tumbling from a store-bought net, squeezing into the bottom of the bowl. The squirt of juice when you puncture the membrane with your thumb. The rip of the skin. The squish of pulp between your teeth, the kind of sound you feel in the back of your throat, especially strong against the roof of your mouth when you giggle at whatever your friends are giggling at, a few drops of juice spilling down your chin. The pitter-patter of juice sinking into the sofa for your mom to worry about later. See also: **orange warmth**. Do not see: **orange**.

[Image of a rhythmic tearing noise as a middle-aged mother dutifully turns an orange, tears away a patch of its skin like it is nothing, and repeats the cycle until she has enough for her daughter and her little friends in the next room to claim they don't need, but slowly devour by the time the first girl's father arrives, visualized via a graph simulated by a signal generator]

Orange warmth (o • er • an • juh woo • oer • m • thu) *n*. The heat emitted and/or stored by an orange, dependent solely on how roughly an individual bites into it. If the cold insides are allowed by the teeth to slowly escape the membrane, they will level out in temperature by the time the individual swallows. If the freezing wet is spritzed against the back of their throat, startling the individual, it will either scratch their throat with acid or refresh it with acid. Do not see: **orange**.

[Image of the warmth of a sunkissed, outstretched hand transferring into half of a lovingly peeled orange]

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clementine (hi • e) *adj*. *adv*. *conj*. *n*. *prep*. *v*. a fruit that functions exactly like an orange and is fully capable of everything an orange is capable of, save for its easily underestimated size, which is, on average, 1-2 inches smaller than an orange, along with its generous pliancy, opening itself to its owner like a friend does/wants to, but can't quite work up the courage to at such a late hour after such a rough day at work. Somehow different from a mandarin(e). [The same fleshy crevice between snuggling, clinging bodies the orange crawled out from.] ; **orange**.

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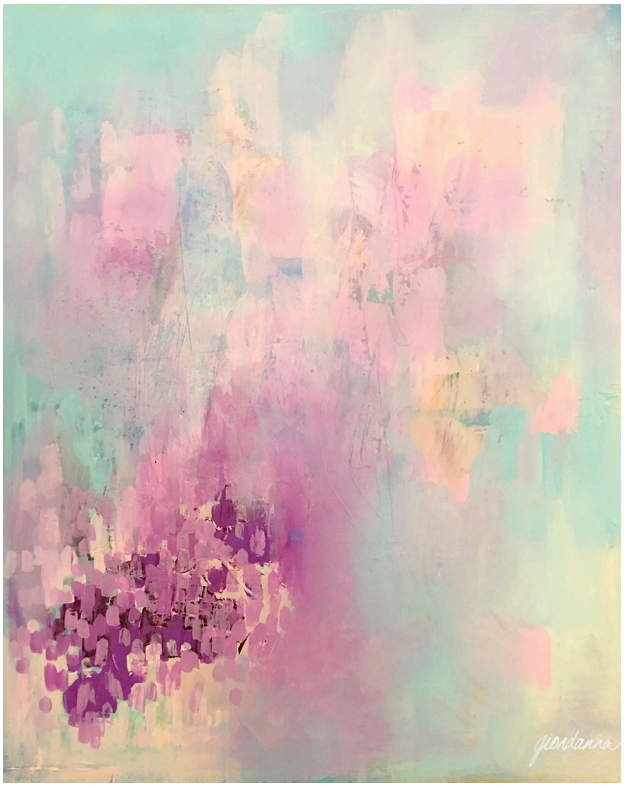
grapefruit (o • • th • ang • ks) *prep*. the interior gut muscles rotting openly in the corner of your fruit bowl, much to the distaste of your houseguests. too clunky and oafish to share in any meaningful way. dirtybadwrong. [somewhere cold and cruel, most likely unnecessary.] Do not see; **orange**.



[Image of an artistic rendition of a grapefruit, stylized for safe human consumption]

mandarine (in • e) *adj*. *adv*. *conj*. *n*. *prep*. *v*. the more fitting name for the mandarin, a fruit that functions exactly like an orange and is fully capable of everything an orange is capable of, save for its easily underestimated size, which is, on average, 1-2 inches smaller than an orange. Somehow different from both the clementine and the orange. Somehow. [The same desperate desire the orange sprouted from.] ; **orange**.

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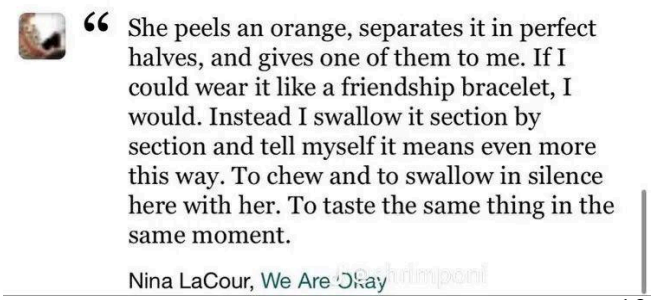
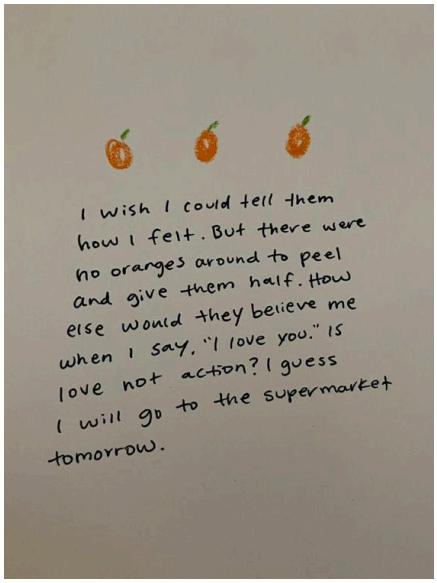
orange (o • er • an • juh) *adj*. a mixture of the colors red and yellow. [The appearance of the fruit.]

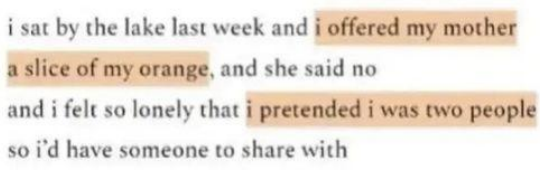
[Image of a select collection of different shades of oranges, particularly the ones stored away in a lava lamp once the feeler realizes that the era of free love, unbound by social conventions or relationship status or even coherency, is over by now]

orange (l • ov in er • e ac • sh • on) *adj*. *adv*. *conj*. *n*. *prep*. *v*. an icebreaker. A safety net in situations where you don't


“ She peels an orange, separates it in perfect halves, and gives one of them to me. If I could wear it like a friendship bracelet, I would. Instead I swallow it section by section and tell myself it means even more this way. To chew and to swallow in silence here with her. To taste the same thing in the same moment.
Nina LaCour, We Are Okay

know anyone else yet. Understanding shaped in the sight of your mother's bare frame when she's late for her night out with her buttoned-up husband and he's slumped back over the edge of the couch cushion, watching the evening news, forgetting where everyone is. Raw, exposed shame you feel bad about letting go to waste that you pack in your lunchbox, eagerly waiting for someone at the lunch table to ask for a trade. Intimacy, not as it should be, but as it is tonight. The things you shove into your gaping mouth to muffle the wailing, slice by patient slice, wondering if the fridge light has always been that blue and how to convince your mom to let you and your playdate to say home from church tomorrow and why they offered to sleep on the floor after you made sure the sofa would be taken by the time either of you hit the sack at your parent's request and that their side of the bed caved in just enough for them not to notice. A last-minute addition to your grocery list, shoved between the words "water jugs" and "avocados". The ache when the friend you invited spends the whole time talking to the


I wish I could tell them
how I felt. But there were
no oranges around to peel
and give them half. How
else would they believe me
when I say, "I love you." Is
love not action? I guess
I will go to the supermarket
tomorrow.


i sat by the lake last week and i offered my mother
a slice of my orange, and she said no
and i felt so lonely that i pretended i was two people
so i'd have someone to share with

[Image of a poem depicting the definition of an orange better than this dictionary ever could, the way a kindergarten teacher does to a kid who got the answer, but refused to show his work. Beneath it, her work, a decade late, scribbled onto a bathroom stall in the space between 6th period and the grandma reading a murder mystery, waiting patiently from the car line to pick her up and take her on a few errands before her mother gets home. Beneath it,

partygoers you introduced them to. The way your knee “accidentally” rubs against hers as you squash deeper into the back of your roommate’s getaway car. Something some people pack in their tiny favorite backpacks that their fathers force them to eat on the way to work because they’ve been feeling sick since an hour before they got into the car and their father thinks eating something might help since they haven’t eaten anything all day, much to their father’s and grandmother’s displeasure. The only food you can share on a whim (unlike an apple that you need to go out of your way to open up the knife drawer and cut in half or a meal you need to make extra of), requiring you to actively appreciate the one you’re sharing with in that exact moment, as opposed to beforehand, when it's already too late to retract your offered love, lest all this food go to waste. The only food capable of saying “Hey, by the way, I love you. Right now, and maybe even later.” without the help of those eating it. [All of the earth.]

a poem depicting what you do for a few minutes after your mother catches you glowing in the sobering blue light and tells you to get back to bed, slurring her words just enough not to make you tremble and making so many pancakes in the morning that your friend has *to share, for fear of upsetting her enough to no longer be allowed over]*

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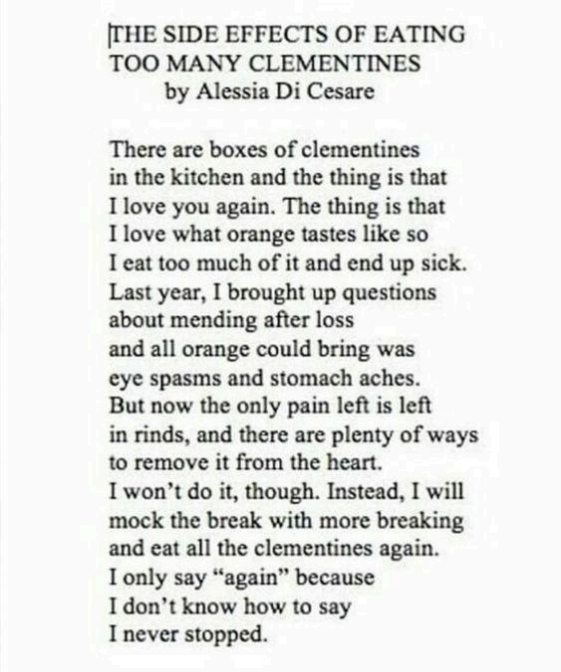
parental apology (He • er) *n*. *v*. an apology issued by a parent or parental figure. Usually consists of five eerily formal steps:

1. Peeling the skin off of a mandarin.

2. Peeling off a slice.

3. Eating it to keep the tone casual as you roughly peel off a second slice, squirting some of the inner juices onto the spot on her laptop where she's been resting her wrists more and more through the night.



THE SIDE EFFECTS OF EATING
TOO MANY CLEMENTINES
by Alessia Di Cesare

There are boxes of clementines
in the kitchen and the thing is that
I love you again. The thing is that
I love what orange tastes like so
I eat too much of it and end up sick.
Last year, I brought up questions
about mending after loss
and all orange could bring was
eye spasms and stomach aches.
But now the only pain left is left
in rinds, and there are plenty of ways
to remove it from the heart.
I won't do it, though. Instead, I will
mock the break with more breaking
and eat all the clementines again.
I only say "again" because
I don't know how to say
I never stopped.

[Image of a poem depicting a (presumably parental) apologetic overdose]

4. Handing it to your daughter as if you didn't just trash your bedroom in a violent, audible rage after being told, by said daughter, that she hadn't completed her midterm or missed assignments on time.

5. Telling her you're sorry for trashing said bedroom.

6. Promising not to ever explode like that again after asking her to promise not to lie again.

7. Reassure her that your promise is not dependent on whether or not she breaks hers.

Steps 6 and 7 are argued to be optional by most. [God's willing grace.]

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